

He stood before his foemen revealed amidst the flame.
From out their levelled pieces the wished-for volley came;
Up sprang the three survivors for whom the hero died,
But only Michael Dwyer broke through the ranks outside.

He baffled his pursuers, who followed like the wind;
He swam the river Slaney, and left them far behind;
But many an English soldier he promised soon should fall,
For these, his gallant comrades, who died in wild Imall.

The surrender of Michael Dwyer was the last event of the insurrection of 1798—1803. But, for several years subsequently, the Habeas Corpus Act continued suspended and an insurrection act was in full force. Never up to the hour of Napoleon's abdication at Fontainebleau, did the spectre of a French invasion of Ireland cease to haunt the mind of England.

(To be continued.)

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS: IN MEMORIAM

(1834-1921)

(By THOMAS J. SHAHAN, Catholic University of America, in the American Ecclesiastical Review.)

James Gibbons, Cardinal-Priest of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Baltimore, leader, patriot, and scholar, died March 24, 1921. The simple-hearted father in God to all those of his own faith in America and the beloved friend of all who saw in him a firm believer in the mighty destinies of the American Republic, has gone to his eternal reward, mourned by millions of his fellow-citizens. A man quiet in aspect, mild, and childlike in manner, modest and considerate in the exercise of his exalted office, has disappeared from our American life, and the whole nation grieves. When the bells of the public edifices and of the churches in his cherished city of Baltimore began his dirge that March morning, there arose a chant of sorrow which was caught up from city to city in the land; and across the ocean to every part of Christendom the sad message was sent, uniting rich and poor, young and old, Catholics and the new multitudes of no religion, in America's bereavement.

During a week he lay in state in the venerable Cathedral wherein he had been baptised, ordained to the sacred priesthood, consecrated a bishop of the Church, and over which as Cardinal Archbishop he had ruled for nearly a half-century. For three days there filed past his mortal remains a silent procession of friends and admirers; a host of school children, who knew him as their venerable and affectionate father, came to catch a last glimpse of his finely chiselled and delicate face; a veritable army of priests and of laity, officials of the city and of the State, with professional men of all creeds and representative leaders of non-Catholic churches, passed by his casket in token of their affection and their esteem.

Few Americans, and surely no American churchman before his day, received so national a recognition in death as Cardinal Gibbons. From all parts of the country, nay, from all parts of the world, messages of sympathy came to his household. It may be truly said that since the days of Columbus no funeral in the New World has called forth so vast a response in the common heart, mostly a tribute to the man as distinct from his office. In the intensely human visualisation of the man and his work which these expressions of condolence contained, it is not difficult to find the key to his character. Among the American tributes that of the President of the United States will ever be the most cherished. The Chief Executive of the nation wrote that the Cardinal's long and notable services to the country made every American his debtor. He was the very finest type of citizen and churchman, President Harding said: such a tribute is indeed the noblest epitaph for any citizen's last resting-place. A former President, still happily with us, wrote that the Cardinal represented the highest moral inspirations of the commonwealth. To both these eminent men American Catholicism is grateful for such memorable words. The Cardinal's last convert—a former prelate of the Episcopal Church—finds the secret of his greatness in

the simplicity and sincerity of his character. That Cardinal Gibbons was patriotic, both in times of peace and of war, to a degree seldom witnessed in any land, all have admitted; but as Dr. Kinsman says, the personal affection so many millions in this country felt for him was due to something more than his belief in America's greatness. "The attraction was in the man rather than in any set of his opinions."

From all classes in the community eloquent tributes came to be laid as wreaths upon his casket, and there is scarcely any aspect of his multifold activity unnoticed by these voices from the living, praising the dead Cardinal. His services to civilisation and to humanity; his unmixed devotion to all his fellow-men, regardless of creed or party; his broad philanthropy; his uniform kindness, courtesy, tact, and thoughtfulness; his wisdom in council and his prudence in action; the uncommon blending in his character of moral strength, sweetness and simplicity—these are some of the notes struck in the hour when his loss was first known. Only a short time has passed, and they are being verified one by one. Here we have no grouping of utterances made in the emotion of the moment, but the tributes of thoughtful men who only awaited his passing to utter their words of praise for his moral greatness. Those who were nearest to him, his own household, gave us more intimate touches of his attractive personality. "In the thousand little details of life," said a former secretary, "I could approach him with the freedom of a child, certain of a patient reception." The Cardinal was the light and life of the house; and, perhaps, one little glimpse into that last hour of his life will live after many others are forgotten—it is that of this same friend, younger by many years in the priesthood, his companion during his voyages abroad, standing with his arm around the dear old man's shoulder, comforting him and encouraging him in that hour of sorrow.

Others who guard their praise from exaggeration have called the Cardinal the accepted mentor of our American mankind, a figure of world-wide importance, an intense and earnest advocate of an uncompromising Americanism, and a providence for Church and America. He has been extolled as one who was brought up on the original happy traditions of American Catholicism, as the best-known member of his faith in America, as one whose capacity for friendliness outranked all his contemporaries, and as America's great reconstructionist in the two crises which settled upon the land after the Civil War and after the recent conflict. To others his prime characteristics were three—Churchman, Christian, American, inseparably united in a three-fold cord of strength. "He was always on the side of his church and of his country; and of the right"—wrote a leading American diplomat. Finally the Holy Father's solemn tribute proclaimed to the world that he was an excellent priest, a learned master, a vigilant pastor, and an exemplary citizen.

These expressions of appreciation and of admiration help us now, when it is hardest to define his exact place in American Catholic Church history, to reach the secret of his power and influence. There are those of his own faith, who feel that James Gibbons was the *enfant gâté* of Providence during the long half-century of his successful episcopate; and there are others who fail to realise a distinction between the endless opportunities in the Land of Opportunity and his use of these same opportunities. But all agree in acknowledging that he possessed in a high degree that quality which St. Thomas Aquinas considers the chief virtue of those who govern, the *discretio rationis*—the sense of reasonable proportion in all his judgments. Cardinal Gibbons was never perturbed. The swift change of events about him found him always calm, serene, and unafraid. He never wavered in his recognition of the basic principles by which all political and religious events should be estimated. Prudent to a fault, he possessed also that cautious daring which is the secret of the highest statesmanship. While he never refused his counsel or aid in the discussion of great secular questions that had a moral or religious bearing on our national life, and was often rewarded by popular adhesion to his views, he was not always successful, as in the matter of divorce, against which he reasoned and pleaded at all times, without stemming the disastrous tide. Other public issues also were eventually decided against his advice, but never without profound respect for his civic courage and his sincerity.

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